

The Evening World

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AS TO THE MAYOR.

THAT the Mayor would turn and rend the Aldermen who criticised his pet Police Commissioner was a foregone conclusion. Curiosity was only as to what new high notes of superlative insult his famous gamut of irascibility would produce. Expectation was reasonably gratified. But the Mayor's "statement" is more than angry scolding at those who dared to assail his protégé. It again reveals a permanent and gravely significant state of mind in the city's chief executive.

It shows more clearly than ever an almost rabid determination on the Mayor's part to ignore the sentiment of good citizens concerning one of the most important departments of their city government. District Attorney Whitman and the Curran Committee are vicious and useless meddlers. What most people think about their work the Mayor either does not know or does not care. His one thought is to belittle it and throw mud on it.

"While I have been working and brooding over some of the largest things afoot anywhere in the world, I have found time to work out some large reforms in the Police Department." There is the whole police scandal, as the Mayor chooses to see it—crushed in the hollow of his august hand. What he has done is supremely satisfactory. What anybody else has attempted is either wanton mischief or beneath contempt.

The fact is the present Mayor of New York is not far from a point of irritable, Napoleonic self-sufficiency at which there can be no room for any department that is not his handiwork, nor for any official that is not a faithful and self-effacing admirer, tolling for the master's glory.

THE HOG HIGHER UP.

THE annual howl at the cussedness of the "end seat hog" is louder than ever this year. It is proposed to prod him with ordinariness sharp enough to make him "move along." That he is a superlative nuisance of street car travel in summer everybody agrees. But why not abolish him by removing the cause of him?

Why must New Yorkers be squeezed year after year into the same old, out-of-date type of open street cars? The seats which run across the entire width of the car are so close together that passing is highly uncomfortable even when everybody is accommodating and polite. Why not cut an aisle through the middle of these cars, leaving double seats on either side and requiring passengers to enter from the end of the car? This style of car is common enough now. The habit of swinging on and off open cars along the entire length is dangerous and inconvenient. Many cities have done away with it.

The New York Railway Company shows no eagerness to supply new double-deck cars. Let it do something to improve the old ones. Concentrated pressure on the street railway companies will do more for the comfort of the public than trying to budge the hog in the end seat.

LEARN TO SWIM.

COLLEGE STUDENTS, like those at Columbia, who fail to get diplomas because they have not learned to swim, naturally regard it as hard lines, but it may have the happy effect of causing them later to urge that useful accomplishment upon their offspring. The Chinese have a classic tale that bears on the case. A Chinese physician having failed to produce improvement in a patient, the relatives of the latter lay in wait for the doctor after one of his calls and threw him into the river. Not being able to swim, he was saved only by the lucky chance of a passing boatman. When he regained the bank and hurried home he found his eldest boy, who was to follow in his father's profession, poring over a medical volume. "Son," said the old man, "throw away that book and learn swimming."

The stumbling blocks of one generation become stepping stones for the next.

Letters From the People

An "Aren't Query."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What are the respective areas of Germany, England (United Kingdom) and Texas?
R. N. BERNARD.
The area of the German Empire (in Europe) is 365,530 square miles. The United Kingdom of Great Britain has an area of 131,431 square miles. Texas is 695,223 square miles. For details see World Almanac.
In The World Almanac.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I get a list of Brooklyn moving banks and the rate of interest paid by each?
BROOKLYNITE.

The Horse Deal.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here is my solution of the horse deal problem: The cost of one horse is \$100, and the cost of the other is \$200. The selling price of each is \$200. On one horse a gain of \$50, and amounts to 50 per cent. of the cost price, \$100. And on the other is \$50 lost, which amounts to 25 per cent. of the selling price at \$200. \$50 minus \$40 equals \$10. Therefore \$10 is lost on the sale.
T. JACKER.

For Backyard Playgrounds.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I heartily approve of your editorial regarding playgrounds. One need not go to the newer sections of the Bronx or of Brooklyn in order to carry out your suggestion. In every congested section of this city the plan of backyard playgrounds can be immediately put into execution. I think by simply removing the fences which now divide these yards, thus making them into one large playground. Of course, the municipal authorities cannot compel owners to do this, but public sentiment should induce many of them to see the sense of it and to do so for children.

"I Am Content" By Maurice Ketten



Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

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THE average man appears to regard a marriage license in the light of a chauffeur's license, which gives him the privilege of "running" a woman. But then the average girl is apt to regard it as a dog license, which entitles her to keep a man on a leash.

Alas, the men are becoming as shy and elusive as hunted deer! But, dear me, SOMEBODY'S got to be shy and elusive in order to keep up the love-chase.

Somehow, the fact that you know a man would have made you utterly miserable in no consolation for not having married him.

"Keep continually falling in love, and you'll keep eternally young," says a philosopher. But, alas, the average man spends only one-quarter of his life falling in love; the other three-quarters he spends in crawling out of it.

No girl cares to be loved for "beauties of the intellect," alone; still, no girl need live in the harrowing fear that she ever will be.

A man of judgment would shudder at the thought of eating ice cream with his lobster; but, at this time of the year, he will not hesitate to start with two girls, in the same hotel, at the same time.

A woman's heart is like a frame, which holds only one picture at a time; a man's heart is like a biograph, with a change of pictures at every turn.

No, dearie, Solomon didn't really appreciate "woman's infinite variety." It takes a man who is tied down to just one woman to do that.

You can break a modern man's heart in fifty-seven different places without even making a dent in his resolution not to marry.

When All the World Is a Big Playground By Sophie Irene Leeb

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"B" REATHERS there the man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, "I am off for a vacation!" To most of us there are no more magic words.

Anticipation is one of the great human elements of joy. Many of us through the whole year look forward to the two or three weeks' vacation period, when to each of us all the world's a playground. And if it isn't that, it should be.

Yet, to a great number, there is the question where to go and what to do, since it is this question that either MAKES or MARS the ONE period that should be all satisfying.

For, in the element of living, what curse one kills another. This rule holds good in this matter of recreation.

There are those of us who love the quiet of the country in preference to the gaiety of the seasons, or the repose of the mountains to that of the whirl of travel, etc.

Therefore, we usually try to do something pleasing in the short space allotted to us to put away care. And yet often in the LOOKING FORWARD and in the actual holiday time our expectations are UNREALIZED. Our disappointments are usually due more to our own actions than to our fellow sojourners.

Here are a few "don'ts" that may save later regret:

Don't expect the summer town to be the winter town, or the balmy low-land to be the high mountain. Don't tell your family troubles to the man on a vacation, for he has some of his own.

Don't let your children be everybody's care. Lastly, don't take yourself or those about you too seriously, for it is play time for all.

And know this: IF YOU HAVE HAD A GOOD TIME IT IS BECAUSE YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE GOOD TIME WITH YOU.

The Man on the Road By H. T. Smith

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IN CHICAGO.
THESE men who tunneled into the east side collateral bank had nothing on a gang out in Chicago that tried to tunnel into my roll."

"I was putting out agents, and some of the gang drifted along my way looking for a place of easy money. I was wise and turned them down. So they went out to the suburbs and hired a real estate office, sitting it out on the installment plan.

"Then they bought themselves some tin shields and proceeded to arrest every strange automobile that went through the town for breaking the speed law. The stranger would be taken before the head of the gang, a dignified looking man with iron gray hair and pink cheeks, and would be fined ten or twenty dollars for speeding.

"Business was very brisk with them and they fairly coined money. Every strange auto that passed through the town was stopped. They began to take a hundred dollars cash and would send part of it back by mail. Some of those arrested did not own the automobile they drove and left them in the hands of the fake sleuths rather than pay a fine.

"In this way they scored around autos. And things were pretty good for them all around for a while. But one day they were closed up and thirty-three indictments were found against them."

"How did the public tumble?" asked the umbrella man.

"They tried to 'do' a typewriter salesman out of three dollars, one month's payment on the machine he was selling them with. He got 'crazy' and gaped around. The gang got seven years and spent their roll trying to beat the case."

"If I am going to be dishonest it is not going to be for a small amount," put in the umbrella man.

"You had better change your line then. I've had some raw ones put over on me during the rainy season," returned the magazine man.

DREAMING OF BASEBALL.
"What was the cause of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo?"

"His epithet refused to break," began the star scholar. "Excuse me, ma'am; the Prussians got up before the French reinforcements could arrive."—Courier-Journal.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. Carden

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HOGAN, the hotel detective, gave Mr. Jarr "the dick's tap." This is a touch on the shoulder. And he watched the effect.

For a hotel detective often has been a headquarters man let out of the service for the good of it. With his old training of omnipotence of police tyranny is incultured a belief that mankind is divided into two classes: those so feeble minded that they are honest or moral; and the "wise men," those who have money.

"I don't get you, be," said Hogan, for Mr. Jarr was wandering through the hotel without a hat, "but I think you'd better lammer."

Mr. Jarr was angry.
"Who are you talking to, you big stink," he asked hotly.

"This prompt bit of inquiry and character reading had its effect on the hotel detective.

If Mr. Jarr had been awed or polite this bullying bouncer would have promptly played some brutal strong arm upon him, such as thrusting his right forearm under Mr. Jarr's chin and then, as his head went back, stepping on Mr. Jarr's instep with his heavy-shod heels.

As it was, he thought it best simply to "crowd" Mr. Jarr. This method consists of thrusting a bulky chest and stomach against the suspected individual and advancing steadily. It usually results in the Undesirable giving ground.

And simply with a shove or a menacing look—as the case seems to call for—the person not wanted in the hotel (anybody that looks shabby and seems treacherous) is more or less politely backed out of the place.

And yet, the hotel detective hasn't "put a hand on the stick."

In other words, no technical assault can be proved should a mistake be made as will happen occasionally, and a damage suit result.

There was nothing suspicious or shabby about Mr. Jarr, except that his collar rose up at the back of his neck. "Excuse me, sir," cried the hotel detective. "I didn't know you was a right guy."

And, the car stopping at the next door, he "took it on the lammer." That is, he hurried away himself.

"You were being escorted to the meeting, I see!" cried the fat man. "Wonderful fellows those hotel detectives. They know every dive in this great city!"

"May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" asked Mr. Jarr.

For he saw it was a case of mistaken identity, but he was desperate and resolved to let events take their course.

"I am Frederick Fendick Fette," said the fat man. "Chairman of the Society for the Suppression of Suggestive Dancing. And you are Prof. Benjamin Danbrook Danbuster, who was to address this afternoon, I take it?"

Mr. Jarr didn't like to tell a lie. So he simply mumbled one. And the men he had just met turned on the elevator at the doorway of an assembly room where a large crowd of curious looking men and women were sitting on gilded chairs and listening to the reading of the constitution and by-laws as drawn by a very sallow old woman of middle age.

Mr. Jarr Brilliantly Sidesteps From the Frying Pan to the Fire

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With an energetic shove pushed the house detective against the grill work of the elevator door.

And Mr. Jarr, shabbily attired his shabby defense would have constituted assault in the hotel detective's mind. And doubtless that worthy would have drawn his slungshot and "beat up the book."

Mr. Jarr was meditating "creating a scene" right here, when fortunately for the peace and quietness of the Hotel St. Croesus, the door of the elevator opened and the two fell half way inside.

A stout, prepping man clasped Mr. Jarr by the arm and cried: "Welcome, Mr. Danbuster! The committee has sent me for you."

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"Mr. Danbuster," murmured the Chairman of the Reception Committee. "She is a heavy contributor to our funds."

"Ah, indeed?" murmured Mr. Jarr. The heavy contributor paused in her reading, and the fat man clasped his hands together and cried:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Society for the Suppression of Suggestive Dancing, I have found our speaker of the afternoon, Prof. Danbuster, and he will now address you on the subject: 'Has the Dance Mania Slipped Our Moral Fibre?'"

There's no controlling the man who guesses right through ignorance.

There are times in every woman's life when she believes that she is the happiest and again the most miserable woman in the world.

The Hedgeville Editor. By John L. Hobbs.

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REV. FROST says that the man who carries his religion only on Sunday is apt to die on a week day.

It is safe to tell a woman the truth about anything but herself.

AWYER RASE says there is nothing sadder than any worse than being justly accused.

Beany and the Gang



By P. L. Crosby